



Typically untypical



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Chapter 1 by Mike Paris

Mr Pedantic, as we call him here at school, is going on about the same bloody story he tells from one day to the next. His monotone goes on as if for eternity. In our class, it's probably just us two who can't stand this fool of a teacher, making all the other students just as lifeless as he is.

joel and i loathed these classes, having to interact with a bunch of ass kissers was by far the most irritable thing ever. im pretty sure the teacher has Calvin's lips tattooed somewhere on that never ending surface.

the other day joel hadn't been feeling well, and the lucky bastard didn't come to school, so i had to resort to other forms of entertainment. i looked to calvin. the idiot never locked his mobile phone(yeah he's one of those). now i had the choice to log into his Facebook account and mess up some stuff there, or do something with his ringtone. the second option was more enjoyable. i set the tone to a series of inappropriate sounds, set his audio volume to the highest, and placed it back into his bag. next lesson was story telling with the giant turd, so i flipped out my phone and dialed his number. it went off. the look of panic covered his entire face. i tried to hold my laughter in by holding my nose shut and shoving my fingers into my mouth.

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